

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Legal advertisements less cents per line each insertion.

According to the last census there are 33,163 lawyers in the United States.

Improved roads furnish one of the most direct aids to agricultural development.

New York City has not furnished a United States Senator in more than fifty years. Nathan Sanford, elected in 1831, was the last.

A student in a Western college proposes to deliver a lecture on commencement day on "The Relation of the Wheelbarrow to American Elections."

The Indiana courts have a curious problem, relates the Washington Star. A man who was fined for profanity appealed on the ground that he was on his own premises when he spoke, and had a right to use any kind of language that he pleased.

Reports still come in, states the New York World, of the electrical impostor who appears in various localities with inventions greater than the Bell telephone or the Edison light, sells a little stock and then disappears. England is now infested with him, together with other and older electric frauds heretofore well known in this country.

Mrs. M. A. Dorchester, special agent for the Indian School Service, in her annual report refers to improvements in the school buildings in reference to comfort, safety, healthfulness and general respectability. She says that there has been a great improvement in the variety and quality of food furnished; the table service is more attractive, and there is a marked change for the better in the moral and social atmosphere of the schools.

The use of rubber tires on private carriages has become quite common in New York City, says the Scientific American. For invalids and nervous persons our physicians recommend their use. But the rubber tire is not only expensive, but lasts only a little while, owing to our rough pavements and street railway tracks. Why will not some one invent a cheaper substance than rubber, which will be more enduring, cost less, and be sufficiently elastic to meet the requirements?

One of the late Jay Gould's sons has ordered from a press-clipping bureau "all the comments and accounts about" his father which have appeared, or will appear, in "all the newspapers of the world." It will be a costly collection beyond the mere clippings, as it will require the employment of numerous translators to write out in our language the extracts from Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Russian, Turkish, Spanish, Italian, French, German and numerous other publications.

Says the San Francisco Examiner: The microscope recently revealed to a Rhode Island expert that certain blood-stains were of human origin, and certain hairs found in conjunction with the stains were from the blond whiskers of a man. Detectives scurried hither and thither. They traced all clues faithfully, and ascertained that they centered in the limp carcass of a yellow dog, slain with a brick. The strides of science are often marvelous, none the less so perhaps because not always in the right direction.

The Japanese, if they believe in omens, will reject any more applications from French builders of war vessels, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle. The second French vessel accepted for the Japanese Navy has been lost in the inland sea, but this time survivors remain to tell the story of the disaster. The other vessel lost was the Unabikan, of which no word was ever received. It was assumed that she struck on a rock and foundered, but her fate is one of those mysteries that will never be explained until the sea gives up its dead.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: "It has long been admitted that the business of the postoffice is a good test of the country's progress. Measured by this standard, the South is in the lead. According to the report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, there has been a net increase of 2799 postoffices in the United States over the year ending June 30, 1891. This showing surpasses all former records, and the most interesting feature is the fact that more than one-fourth of the new offices were established in the six States of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Mississippi and Texas, an unmistakable proof of our growing population, swelling volume of business and general advancement.

When we take the assessed value of property, the number of new enterprises, the increase of population, the per capita increase in wealth, or these postal figures as a test, the fact looms up that the new South is forging ahead more satisfactorily than any other section of the country."

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, My Darling, Separate, solemn, slow, Not like the swift and joyous ones We used to know When we kissed because we loved each other.

Simply, to taste love's sweets, And lavished our kisses as summer Lavishes her kisses;

But as the kiss whose heat is wrong When hope and fear are spent, And nothing is left to give, except A sacrament!

First of the three, My Darling, Is sacred unto pain; We have hurt each other often, We shall again;

When we kiss because we miss each other, And do not understand How the written words are so much colder Than eye and hand.

I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain Which we may give or take; Buried, forgiven, before it comes, For our love's sake.

The second kiss, My Darling, Is full of thy sweet thrill; We have blessed each other always, We always will;

We shall reach until we find each other Past all time and space; We shall listen till we hear each other In every place.

The earth is full of messengers Which love sends to and fro; I kiss thee, Darling, for all joy Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O My Darling, My love—I cannot see Through my tears as I remember What it may be.

We may die and never see each other, Die with no time to give Any sign that our hearts are faithful To die, as live.

Taken of what they will not see Who see our parting breath, This one last kiss, My Darling, Seals the seal of death.

—Saxe Holm.

A QUAKER IDYL.

BY W. DEIT FOSTER.

It was a white painted elm shaded farmhouse standing back from the road. The well kept gravel walks led from the gates between rows of prim hollyhocks to the door-stones—these latter scrubbed as clean and white as the kitchen floors of the neighboring domiciles. Cleanliness was Sister Hedzibah's greatest fault—for cleanliness can be carried to that extent. Even solemn voiced, methodical Stephen Carew was at times vaguely conscious of this falling on his wife's part.

On all sides of the comfortable house swept the broad acres of Stephen's farm—the richest, the most productive of the goodly homesteads in that Quaker community. Stephen and Hedzibah always used their substance rightfully, however. No breath of suspicion ever rested on their dealings with their neighbors or associates. For fifty years and more their lives had been blameless in the eyes of their Quaker brethren.

For six generations the Carews had held the great farm, and Stephen often thought with almost carnal pride how blessed he was in having a son with whom he could trust the property when he should be gathered to his fathers. The son, Benjamin by name, a great, strapping fellow of eight and twenty, was much like his father—grave, sedate, methodical.

Benjamin carefully followed in the footsteps of his parents, too, and was a Quaker of the strictest sort. In his staid, undemonstrative fashion he was paying attentions to one of the neighbors' daughters, as denure a little friend as one could wish. Yes, Stephen and Hedzibah were entirely satisfied with their son; but their daughters, Marion and Ruth, were somewhat disappointing.

The elder of these had showed plainly her indifference to the teachings and traditions of the Friends in her childhood; but until recently Ruth had always bowed with becoming docility to her parents' will. Ruth was twenty, a dainty formed creature with transparent skin beneath which the blood flushed warmly. She was a dreamy, diffident girl, much unlike her older sister.

Marion early showed traits of independence which had been quite unknown among the women of the Carew family in former generations. She was a plain girl, a good foil for Ruth's delicate beauty, but Marion's was much the stronger face. Although plainly indifferent to the beliefs and services of the Friends, she had never openly antagonized her parents by refusing to attend their place of worship when at home. She was four years older than Ruth, and for three years past had been teaching school in a neighboring town.

had always felt a soft spot in his boyish heart for pretty Ruth. As they grew older it was Darius who carried her books and to from the village school and in winter dragged her over the frozen snow drifts on his sled. At the few merry makings that Stephen and his wife would allow for their young people to attend, Darius Harley was always at Ruth's side.

When Ruth was fourteen she was sent to the Friends school in a neighboring city, from which Benjamin had already graduated, and where Marion was then finishing her education. The Harleys were well to do people, and the school was of the best, though conducted with extreme strictness; so when Darius expressed a desire to attend it, his wish was granted. I am afraid he caused the teachers no end of trouble, and gained but little knowledge himself; but he was near Ruth, and that seemed to satisfy both of them.

When their school days were over, and Darius had returned home to work on the farm while he was making up his mind what business he should pursue in life, this little drama, which has been acted so often since the world began, became more deeply interesting and took on somewhat of a darker coloring. Stephen and his good wife quickly saw that their youngest daughter was treading on dangerous ground—in fact that there was danger of what more fashionable parents would have termed a mésalliance. Therefore with the obtuseness of the great majority of parents who have the same question to face, Stephen denied Darius entrance to his house. Thus open warfare was at once declared without any strategic movements being made on old Stephen's part. It was Darius who resorted to strategy.

At first the young man's only consolation was to go to the Friends' meeting on Sabbath days and sit with eyes steadily fixed on a certain gray gown and bonneted figure far down on the other side of the house. After a few weeks this inclination became maddening, and Darius acquired a habit of taking early morning walks past the Carew homestead in the hope of seeing Ruth. He was not disappointed. One morning he found her alone by the hedge corner, well out of sight of the house. Then for the first time he saw how wan and pale she looked—so different from the light hearted girl who had come back with him from school.

"Oh, Ruth!" he exclaimed, bounding lightly over the low wall that separated the Carew premises from the road. "Have you been ill?" was his first question, as he seized her two trembling little hands.

She shook her head, not daring to trust her voice, and trying to smile brightly into the eyes that gazed so anxiously down into hers. But the smile was a poor attempt, and ended in a sob. Darius drew her unresistingly to his arms.

"It's an eternal shame!" he burst forth. "What if I am of a different religion, believe that you! It shouldn't part us like this—and it shall not, either, Ruth. I love you, you know, and I know that you love me." "He went on, firmly; "and if that's so, no unjust opposition shall make us unhappy for life."

"Father thinks he is right, Dare," whispered Ruth, softly, clinging to the strong arm of her lover. "That makes it all the harder—for us," responded Darius. "I've been waiting to see you, dear, before I go away, for I wanted to hear from your own lips that you loved me and that you would wait until I could earn a home for you."

"Father and mother will never give their consent." "But you love me, Ruth?" "Yes, Dare." "Then," said the young man, bravely, "we will find some way to overcome their opposition. I've been offered a clerkship in my cousin Henderson's store in the city, with a chance to be partner if I like the business. I'll go to-morrow, and as soon as I'm on my feet I shall come and ask for you."

But Ruth only sobbed softly and clung to his arm. Stephen Carew heard of young Harley's departure with a feeling of relief. With the cause removed, he thought, with the blindness of his masculine mind, that Ruth would soon become her old self again. Sister Hedzibah might have told him differently, but it had never been Stephen's way to ask advice from that quarter, nor did his wife expect to give any. She lived in a little world by herself—a world of cooking, cleaning, and mending—and her great disappointment had always been that neither of her girls had shown the same love for baking and brewing that made her a kitchen drudge through all her married life.

With aching heart she saw Ruth's slowly waning health and her lack of interest in the events of their every day life. Stephen, too, could not help noticing the change which had come over her daughter; yet neither thought of bending their will a hair's breadth to Ruth's wish. Their duty demanded that their children should be joined to none but those of their own sect, not to the world's people. Still the girl's silent suffering caused lines of care to show more deeply on Hedzibah's face, and Stephen's grizzled hair grew whiter day by day.

Months went by each of which saw Ruth a little paler and more silent than before. Marion came home for her summer vacation, and with startled eyes saw the change which had taken place in her sister's appearance. She likewise expressed her opinion on the state of affairs with her usual independence; and perhaps this had something to do with Stephen's allowing Ruth to go away with her sister to teach in the fall. On one point the father was firm, however. Ruth must promise not to allow Darius Harley to call upon her, and not to communicate with her.

fresh interest in life, but after the first few weeks Ruth seemed much the same as ever. The only time when she appeared brighter was when she received a letter from Darius. He wrote regularly, and although Ruth's promise prevented her from answering his letters, Marion failed not to keep the young man fully informed as to her sister's health and their life in the country town where they were teaching.

Once a month the sisters went home to spend the Sabbath, and more plainly than ever did Stephen Carew and his wife see the change that had come over Ruth. But their supposed duty was still master, and a hard one it proved. They blamed themselves now for ever letting their children mingle at all with the world's people.

One of the Sabbaths Darius was at home, and the attending of the Friends' meeting. All through the long service he watched the figure of Ruth in her modest gown, but not until they met face to face on the meeting house porch did he realize how terribly she had changed. Only a moment they stood together and clasped hands, for Stephen, with his hard, stern eyes glaring at them, was close by.

Darius went home in a daze. Could that be Ruth Carew, that pale, quiet girl, whose mouth had such a sorrowful droop when in repose? Why, she had been the life of all their school day merry makings! He thought some very bitter thoughts of Stephen Carew, and I am afraid the old man deserved them all.

One thing Darius was determined on. He had been patient, hoping for some change of feeling to come over Stephen and his wife, but patience had ceased to be a virtue. He would stand idly by no longer and see Ruth die by inches under her parents' cruelty. With this determination he went back to the city the following day and wrote two letters, one to Ruth and the other to Stephen Carew.

Several days after returning to her school Ruth received a letter addressed in a handwriting she knew at once. She waited until she was alone in her room with Marion before opening the missive. She had hardly glanced at its contents, however, when Marion was startled by hearing her sister shriek, and turned to see her gazing, pale and horrified, at the open letter.

"What is it!" demanded the practical Marion, grasping the bottle of smelling salts and hurrying to her sister's side. "Oh, read that!" cried Ruth, beginning to weep. "What has he done! That is a letter to father. Dare must have written to both father and me, and inclosed the letters in the wrong envelopes. What will happen to us now?"

Marion took the letter from her sister's unresisting hand and read it. She fully realized what an effect it would probably have upon her father if Darius had made the blunder Ruth suggested. Stephen Carew had been totally ignorant of the one-sided correspondence the young man had kept up, and if Darius had written to Ruth in his usual strain, in all probability their father would be furiously angry upon reading the letter. Marion read the letter intended for her father in surprise, though not without satisfaction. It was as follows:

STEPHEN CAREW, ESQUIRE: Sir,—I have never had an opportunity to tell you of my attachment for your daughter Ruth, but you have known it, and also cannot fail to know that she in turn loves me. I have hoped that you would see how necessary it is to her happiness, as well as my own, that we be allowed to become engaged, but you appear to be as greatly opposed to me now as ever. However, I can stand this no longer. I love Ruth, and even if you cannot see it, I realize that unless there is a change somewhere her life will be greatly shortened. You may, perhaps, be able to stand calmly by and see her die by inches, but I cannot, nor do I propose to. I am able to support her, and in a few weeks will be legally married. If you still withhold your consent I shall use every argument and all the influences in my power to gain her consent to a marriage without your sanction.

Yours, very respectfully, DARIUS HARLEY.

"What shall we do? I never shall dare to go home again," cried Ruth, hysterically, when Marion had finished reading the letter.

"Then go and marry Dare and stay away for good," exclaimed Marion, desperately. Then she threw her arms around her younger sister, and together the two girls had a "good cry" in all the feminine meaning of the term.

Before the week was over Ruth was fairly ill with apprehension, and it was only because of Marion's stronger will power that she decided to go home on Saturday. The older girl plainly saw that the best way would be to have it over at once. Nothing less than a terrible severe lecture, and a stern refusal to listen for a moment to Darius Harley's pleas, was what both expected on Stephen Carew's part. But, strange to relate, nothing of the kind occurred.

Stephen had received the letter intended for Ruth, as they had supposed, and had had ample time to think over the whole matter. In the letter Darius had written very much as he had in the other epistle. The old Quaker could not help seeing the sincerity of the young man's attachment. Something beside duty to his religious belief softened his heart toward Ruth, and his greeting to her was very different from the one which she had fearfully expected.

"There has a letter for me, has there not, Ruth?" asked Stephen gravely. With trembling hand the girl handed him the epistle.

"There will find thy own in thy room," was his only comment as he walked slowly away toward the barn.

His daughters looked at each other in glad surprise, though with much uncertainty as to what would be the outcome of the affair. Stephen said nothing further until after the evening meal. Then he called Ruth into the pleasant sitting room through whose windows shone the glory of the setting sun. "Ruth, would thee consent to be married away from thy own friends?" "If it must be," she replied bravely. "I cannot live this way."

both mind and body!" he asked more tenderly.

"Yes, father." Old Stephen was silent a moment or two.

"Thou must not be married away from thy home, Ruth. These call the young man that I say so," he said finally.—Munsey's Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Most sheep die before they are a year old.

A vast mine of superior fire-clay has been discovered in Vincennes, Ind.

A method of compressing wood, so that it becomes as hard as iron, has been discovered.

An eminent authority has it that the death rate of the world is calculated to be sixty-seven per cent.

In England, France, Germany and Belgium the number of births per thousand of population is steadily falling.

Drops of water falling continuously upon a two-inch plank would wear a hole through it in about thirty-five years.

It has been observed that the children of very young parents rarely attain vigor of mind or body, while the children of aged parents are usually old-fashioned and sedate.

According to a paper recently read before the Statistical Society in Paris, there are in use in France 78,600 steam engines, having a total of 5,360,000 horse-power.

Dr. Morris Gibbs contributes to Science an interesting paper on the food of humming birds both old and young, but has never found anything to convince him the birds live on insects.

The professor of chemistry at Rouen, France, M. Bidard, has brought forward a new theory regarding storage batteries, which is said to make an important advance in electrical science.

A remarkable surgical operation has recently been performed in Berlin. A patient suffering from chronic neuralgia has been cured by the removal of the diseased nerve from the interior coating of the skull.

It has been found by Dr. Riley that the larvae of both the bean and the pea weevil when hatched have thoracic feet and other structures which admirably serve their needs of locomotion until they enter the bean or pea, when with a cast of the skin they are discarded, and the grubs assume the ordinary footless shape of larval weevils.

The report of a commission appointed at the instance of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission for the determination of the best form of fender for use on electric cars contains a recommendation of the invention of a master mechanic of the Boston West End Railway. Two hundred and eleven fenders were submitted to the Commission.

Electric heaters are found to be excellent for use in conservatories on account of the absence of all unwholesome gases or vapors which might injure the plants, simplicity of construction in the parts conveying the energy, perfect safety as regards heat, which can be regulated at will, cleanliness and convenience and rapidity in starting and extinction.

Moorish Slavery.

It would do those good who write passionate articles on Moorish slavery to see the well-fed, lazy slave of Wazan lounging in the sun, kiss pipe in mouth, and scarcely doing a stroke of work from week's end to week's end. The most ordinary English kitchenmaid would accomplish in a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a week. All are free to come and go as they please, but none avail themselves of this freedom. The reason is not far to seek. In Wazan they are fed and clothed by the shepherds, and on holidays and fast days receive presents of money.

Thus all the necessities of life are found them without their having to work for them, which otherwise they would be obliged to do. Nor is it only the necessities of life that are thus supplied to them free, but they are given each his room to live in and married at the expense of the shepherds to slave women. Their children, by law slaves, are not necessarily so, and are often apprenticed to workmen to learn some trade, or if they wish are free to seek their fortunes in other lands.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Potato.

"Potato" is the name given a curious manufactured vegetable which owes its origin to Dr. B. C. Culver, of Atchison, Kan. For more than twenty years the Doctor has been experimenting with a view of crossing the potato and tomato vines. It is claimed that this has at last been accomplished and that a species of vine has been thus literally manufactured, and that it will produce both potatoes and tomatoes, both of which grow in their natural elements.—St. Louis Republic.

A Lake in an Extinct Volcano.

A large lake has been found, it is said, on the ridge of the Olympic Mountains, in Washington, between the Duckabush and Snohomish Rivers. It is situated in a deep basin of the mountains, at altitude of about five thousand feet, and the basin is claimed to be, in all probability, the crater of an extinct volcano. It is further stated to be two miles long and half a mile wide, with depth unknown, as the cliff descends perpendicularly into the water on all sides.—Boston Transcript.

A BIG FORTUNE IN BONE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

Whales' Teeth Guarded Like Diamonds—Surrounded by Stone Walls and Watched Constantly.

A LITTLE brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay contains a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored and guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty-dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company and came out of the Arctic, harks Beluga, Mary D. Hume, Agenor and Amerca, lately in from the Arctic.

The building is a perfect vault with brick and stone sides, iron roof and iron doors. All around the top runs a perforated pipe by means of which the whole interior could be flooded if a fire should by any possibility break out. Rates are thick on the water front and can do a great deal of damage to a cargo of whalebone, so small iron doors have been put in to answer as barricades when the big ones are opened to air the place. Oil skins such as the fire patrol use are spread over the cargo as the final additional precaution that human ingenuity can suggest.

The uninitiated on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a \$1,000,000 stock. The season just closing was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

The lady purchasing a few sticks of whalebone on her shopping tour scarcely realizes the immense risk and the great amount of labor necessary to place it on the counters," said W. R. Wand, one of the representatives of the whaling company. "There is a big risk even here. We can take no chances. In the rough, after a simple polishing, the bone is worth \$5 a pound and we have at least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed in here and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility I can assure you."

"Where does most of the bone go?" was asked. "A great deal of it goes to New York," replied Mr. Wand, "but most of the cutting is done in Paris and Bremen. A little is done in London. We polish it off here, get the color, assort it out and put it up in bundles. Then it is forced through to its destination as rapidly as possible. You see the bone with a light or pearl shade and we have as least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed in here and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility I can assure you."

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Several of the bundles bore the mark M. D. H. in a diamond. "That," said Mr. Wand, "is the name of the vessel from which the bone was taken; in this instance the Mary D. Hume, a vessel which brought the most valuable cargo ever received from the Arctic seas. One or two of these bundles are marked 'cut,' you observe. That is to guide the buyer when the bone is offered for sale. It signifies that the bone is knicked on some portion of it. The value is greatly reduced, and we must therefore handle the cargo like eggs. If roughly handled, a cargo of whalebone can be well nigh ruined. The slightest cut in a stalk brings it down in value about one-half."

"The bone you know is the teeth of the whale and a fair sized front molar is worth about \$50. In every whale's jaw there are 473 teeth, and one of the head is worth a good deal of money. On the last trip the men on the Jessie D. Freeman brought one big fellow along, the head of which produced 3000 pounds of bone. The mouth of the whale is simply a huge suction pump. The monster travels along with his mouth wide open on the surface. The only food he will take is a little red bit of animal life that floats on the northern seas. He sucks in enough to make a good mouthful and then ejects the water. The food is sifted down through the soft teeth, and is filtered like a lot of sawdust would be in a sieve."

"This black bar that fringes the bone has a separate value. It is cut from the teeth and is used for making fine furniture. It has become so valuable, however, that it cannot be used to any great extent."

"Ever troubled by thieves?" "No," was the laughing response. "The bone is a trifle too heavy to run away with and the place is too well guarded. Fire is the greatest danger, and you can see how that has been guarded against."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Hair Snakes or Worms.

There is nothing very mysterious about the common hair-snake or worm to those who know something of its history and habits. They are not transformed hairs, but true nematode worms, and are hatched from eggs, and the minute grubs attach themselves, whenever an opportunity presents, to the larger insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers and ground beetles, and through openings at the joints crawl into their bodies and remain there feeding until fully grown, then escape, crawling into shallow ponds and water troughs, where they are often found in great numbers, hence the idea, that they are transformed horse hairs. Entomologists, when collecting insects late in summer, often find specimens containing these hair worms, which will try to escape when the insects are thrown into alcohol or other liquids. Of course it is rather difficult to convince those who know nothing of the lower orders of animals that hairs cannot be transformed into worms, and all is mystery until the facts are known, then mystery gives place to simple knowledge.—New York Sun.

COURSHIP UP TO DATE.

They were sitting close together In a pleasant, shady nook; They looked at the another With a loving, longing look; Tina E. twin brove the silence, And with emotion shook, As he softly, softly whispered, "Angeline, can you cook?"

His anxious face grew tranquil, Angeline whispered "Yes;" His thoughts of well cooked dinners No language could express; His hand sought Angeline's In a lingering caress;

Then she said, "Oh, Angeline, Did you make or buy that dress?" Edwin's heart grew, oh so joyful, For she always made her frocks; And lightly strayed his fingers Over Angeline's locks,

While they gazed upon the roses, The pinks and hollyhocks; Then again he summoned courage, "Could you knit a pair of socks?"

Poor Cupid near them hovered, And he listened in dismay; Sighed he, "I'm out of fashion, I am only in the way;

Out of print's the old old story, Self holds universal way;" Then he wept, as Edwin whispered, "Angeline, name the day."

—Boston Courier.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A curling iron—The corkerow. Plain sailing—The route of the prairie schooner.—Puck.

The man rowing a boat is always backward in coming forward. Kissing goes by favor, but it often comes by stealth.—Puck.

We may not like pawnbrokers, but we have to put up with them.—Truth. Traveling dresses are now made with vestibule trains.—Berkshire Courier.

What the college freshman doesn't know he talks about.—Elmira Gazette. Woman's face may be a poem; but she is always careful to conceal the lines in it.

The man who falls in attaining other perfections can easily make a perfect fool of himself.—Puck.

The man who didn't fulfill the promise of his youth claimed that the notes of minors were not binding.

The only man on earth who thinks twice before he speaks once is the man who stutters.—Aitchison Globe.

All women are "beautiful" in the newspapers until it comes to the printing of their photographs.—Puck.

The Indians started for a whoop, but soon their faces fell. Some students, they who passed that way, And they gave a college yell.

Take your hard luck as you would a pill. If you grind your teeth over it, you will find it nastier than ever.—Puck.

The man who objected to hiding his light under a bushel succeeded in displaying his darkness to the whole world.—Truth.

"The football game broke up in a fight, didn't it?" "Yes. It was the tamest affair I ever saw."—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's a little weigh of mine," remarked a clerk in a Main street grocery as he gave his customer fourteen ounces for the pound.—Buffalo Quips.

"I understand that all you bagged on your hunting trip was a pair of trousers." "Well, they were duck trousers, anyway."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish you would not take advantage of the relationship seemingly implied in your name to be so familiar," said the hen to the hatchet.—Washington Star.

The boy stood on the burning deck— But who could blame him, please, The price of coal had gone so high It was either this or freeze.

The making of a joke is a good deal like the making of a salad. We think we have struck a good thing, although it may only agree with our own personal taste.—Puck.

"How do I look," said the turkey as he expanded his gorgeous array of feathers. "Fit to kill," replied the sardonic old rooster who is so tough that he can't be eaten.—Washington Star.

"Why didn't